

Dublin 2<sup>nd</sup> of 2<sup>nd</sup> month 1841

My dear Friend

The approach of the 4<sup>th</sup> - the day on which the Boston Steamer sails, reminds me that if we have any thing to say to our valued abolition friends, we must take up our pens. I most cordially do I assume mine, to tell thee, that I cherish, if possible, with more delight than ever, the recollection of the three days that thou & dear R.P. Rogers spent amongst us. Yes - the recollection of those pleasant hours will long be cherished by me!

I think I see us all still in R.D. Webb's parlour - on the first evening of thy arrival, sitting, mute as attention, ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> make us, while thou unfolded to us thy views respecting slavery - Why Christians should, under any circumstances, resort to physical force, or violence, ~~to~~ <sup>not</sup> call on others to raise for them, that hand, against their fellow man - that we were to take the Command of "resist not evil" on the same broad interpretation as that of "swear not at all" - that violence & anger should not be known amongst true Christians, nor exhibited, in their actions towards others, but that all should go forward, under the broad canopy of love - But I was running over in my mind our three days, occupations & going to call them, <sup>little</sup> to thy recollection - There was our journey to the Phoenix Park - our run into the Zoological Gardens, leaving friend Pugh to take home of the car - your delight ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> excuse me for saying was, like the delight of the free spirits of children, in looking here & there at the living wonders of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Creator's own production which were exhibited there - then there was the ~~next~~ <sup>next</sup> morning visit to Mr. Haughton's - our energetic little friend so fond of theology - Rogers' quiet withdrawal to the bath to write the solicited contribution in the Album ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> - thine ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> - our walk to see the old Irish universities, at Professor - our contemplation there of sundry rude weapons of war - of contrivances of men to slay one another, which shew how old war & rapine are in the world - then there was our gathering on the green <sup>down</sup> of our friend James Webb - the group <sup>collected around this</sup> ~~gathered~~ <sup>that</sup> round friend Rogers, of which ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> I formed one, listening to his trying every thing by the test of a few simple principles, which were based on immutable truth, & believing that any departure from those, whether applied to government or ~~individuals~~ <sup>individuals</sup>, however specious they might appear, ~~or whatever~~ <sup>whatever</sup> great advantages they might promise, were in the end, from their departure from strict principle,



now injurious, than any results which might flow, from a ~~close~~ arhe-  
 nence to principle. - Then there was our gathering in the drawing room,  
 of ~~some thirty~~ <sup>last</sup> though not least, at least in my catalogue, the day  
 spent, at least in good part, at my house. - The gathering after dinner -  
 the poem of Whittier which much to some of our disappointment, though  
 was interrupted from reading <sup>by the introduction of other topics</sup> - the resumption of the non-resistance  
 subject, the anxious listlessness gathered chairs drawn up as close as  
 possible to get as ~~close~~ near as could be - friend Rogers on the sofa,  
 scripping in his quiet remembrance now & then, to illustrate beautifully some  
 point of conversation, by some exactly appropriate remarks. - Then came  
 the hour of farewell - the return to OGD Webbs - the roll down by the  
 night train to the packet at Kingston - the stepping on board - the  
 final wave of the hand - the nothing left but the deeply imprinted  
 recollection of those loved features, which aided by good likenesses  
 will enable us long to retain in all their ~~features~~ identity -

[illegible]







¶ Those will have observed, that the London Society have protested against it - that we have protested against it - and that Lord Palmerston has answered us both in the same strain. But we have felt the sacred cause of liberty too much endangered - we have our little Committee felt too indignant - to pass that reply, ~~weak~~ as it was, & utterly unworthy of a British statesman, without further notice; & we have accordingly again addressed Lord Palmerston in no measured strain - & amongst other things, we have told <sup>him</sup> that "to talk of the amelioration of slavery, as he did, ~~was~~ unworthy of the character of a British statesman." He has not replied to our last, & nor do I think he will; but we are determined to publish our resolution, in order that the public <sup>may know</sup> that there are at least a few insignificant individuals, who take a high moral view of the subject, & would not have their country's honour prostituted for a little additional buying & selling, & getting paid.

But those will have observed, by the newspapers, & at the time, that we have been in danger of slavery at home - that the foul monster has shown himself even at our very doors! The American planters, those sons of oppressors, finding they could no longer tyrannize over the colored man, cast ~~their~~ <sup>those</sup> eyes on the suffering negroes of Irish descent - ~~those~~ who were being ejected in hundreds & thousands from the little homes of their ancestors, in order that our landed aristocracy might carry a favorite theory, of large farms being better than small <sup>interpretation</sup> - and thought <sup>that</sup> they would be fitting objects, & poor, & suffering, & unprotected as they were, for their tyranny; & accordingly, they sent out their emissaries, silently & stealthily, to go amongst our people, & tell them that America was a land full of health & promise, that they could exchange their present state of misery & suffering for one of plenty & comparative repose. But they told them <sup>nothing</sup> of who the planters were, nor of how the former emigrants from amongst <sup>who went out</sup> ~~they~~ had toiled for a short space under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, & <sup>then</sup> ~~perished~~ & died. Our poor people listened to the wily deceivers, and, ~~to~~ the news reached us, our vessel had filled, & 326 emigrants bade farewell to their country for ever - & doubtless, a few short months will see most of them in the silent grave. But <sup>are</sup> ~~there~~ another, which